

even g noticed this tonight as we were sitting here indulging in a big late dinner. twirling

her noodles she happened to look over at the flowers and asked me if i had put any water in since we

first did. after dinner we watched a movie for a while and then we went off to bed, but i couldn't

sleep because i knew i had to write, and so i came out here to the kitchen and started drinking beer.

initially there had been a rose in with these flowers, but it went limp early on, and i remember when i

threw it out it landed in the garbage on top of some bread that had gone green around the edges. i thought

it was kind of a pleasant sight, this limp red soft rose on bread with green edges. i was going to

take a picture of it, but then realized that she had taken the camera with her.

FROZEN PIZZA

i think we've come to like frozen pizza better, especially late at night. it's more delicate than the pie from the pizza place up in town. it's so delicate that there is no stuffy feeling tummywise at all. it doesn't keep us from sleeping. sometimes we get the french bread pizza. we stick the two pieces of bread in the broiler and they're ready in no time. and really, there's hardly anything to them. they are light and disappear without any discomfort. the french bread pizza is definitely g's favorite. she got me into eating them. i don't know exactly what they're made of, because late at night i don't care to be reading boxes; i don't care what i'm consuming. yes, they're light though. they go down easy, and they let us fall asleep. in fact,

we eat them in bed, backs
to the wall, watching a movie
on the vcr. regular pizza
is just too heavy. we've
talked about this. we've
come to this conclusion.
also that we love
one another.

MY MOZART SERIES

she wanted to know why i took a picture of the bananas
in the basket, and i told her that i did so because their
yellow was so bright and inviting. i don't think she
accepted this as much of a reason though, and so when i
took a picture of the sink in the bathroom i really had
something to answer for. but i had never lived with such
an expensive camera before and i was charmed with how
easy it was to use, and how sharp and glossy the results
were. the thing made me look like a professional, at least
in the eyes of this amateur. and i kept at it: recording
many still lifes of the apartment, until pictures were
piled so high on the dresser that it was getting hard to
see in

the mirror. finally it got to the point where there
wasn't anything to snap away at anymore. i had used the
place up, so to speak, and i had no intentions of going
outside. there was nothing intimate in the outside world
to me, and i really considered myself a photographer of
the intimate only. so the only thing left for me that held
any interest was to take pictures of the stereo while
different pieces of favorite music were being played. i
started with mozart. i did a series of twenty-seven photos
for every one of his piano concertos. all of them i owned
on tape so it wasn't hard to do this. it was called "my
mozart series." on the back of each photo was marked the
number of the concerto. of course, this didn't sit too
well with my girlfriend either, and she set out on a
campaign of nagging questions concerning it. for my part:
i just accused her of not appreciating mozart.

BEFORE I SIT DOWN TO WRITE

before i sit down to write i put an old movie
on the tv and sit on the purple couch for
about an hour with a newspaper in my lap
i ignore